

The Daily Gazetteer.

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N^o 431.



THE Subject of the following humorous Poem, being related by a Gentleman (who was an Eye-witness of the Catastrophe) at the Table of a noble Lord in the West of England, about a Month ago; it contributed such Diversion to the whole Company, that they all

agreed 'twas a merry Incident for a Poem; and one of the Gentlemen present was immediately singled out for the Composition. We have had the Favour to obtain a Copy of it, and presume it will not be thought unworthy of the Press.

The Fate of the Mouse; or, MYOETPEION: A tragicomic Poem, occasioned by a Mouse that was caught and kill'd by an Oyster.

— Deima opici rodebant carmina mures.

ET Iffier Bards the HERO's Acts relate,
In humble Strains I sing the Mouses Fate:
For let a critic Ear the Theme refuse
Immortal made by the Meonian Muse.

'Twas when the Shades of Night o'er spread the Plain,

When Bats and Fairies, Mice and Morpheus reign;
When lab'ring Hinds forget the Toils of Day,
And Philomel begins her midnight Lay;
A daring Mouse, that dauntless long defy'd
The various Arts which Abigal had try'd,
His destin'd Doom receiv'd; for soon or late,
With Mike and Monarchs, must submit to Fate.

Of was the Moon with silver Lustre crown'd,
Once the nocturnal Vagrant march'd his Round;
As his Foe, the Sun, had took his Flight,
Forth the little Pirate of the Night,
With cautious Tread, secure from fell mishap
Of Pits, of Poison, or tremendous Trap;
With Nose sagacious, smells the baited Gin,
And conscious of the Snare within:
Now vent'rous roves o'er Dishes, Creams and Cakes,
All the Dainties of the Day partakes;
Regales on rich Variety of Meats,
And oft in Cheese his own Apartments eats;
Addings in Vain, that come but once a Week,
Cupboard high a Sanctuary seek;
Where Locks and Bolts a Passage have forbid,
Gnaws Admission in a Time of Need:
When Pantry fails, then Books bedaub'd with Grease,
Will sometimes serve his Hunger to appease;
Fire and Bunyan its keen Edges feel,
And Fox's Lives afford him many a Meal;
And of Fair Rosamond are turn'd to Food,
Conjuring Book, Love-Jests and Robin Hood:
Thus like wild Tartars, liv'd the Beast on Prey,
Under'd all Night, and slumber'd all the Day.

When ruddy Morn wak'd the more ruddy Maid,
That Scenes of Ruin were around display'd!
Fragments here disjointed Basons lie,
And here, the squalid Relicts of a Pye;
Lifted Hands in Ceres's Gifts she sees,
And Caverns yawn, and Sepulchres of Cheese;
A more tremendous look'd the Cyclops Cave,
Cuma's Grotto, hard-by Averno's Wave;
The dear fav'rite Saucer gave most Pain,
Of Brims blue Letters in a Circle stain;
The Saucer, which her Swain last Country Wake
Adorn'd with Motto and with Cake.
As then, with weeping Eyes, Revenge she swore,
To throw the last sad Remnants on the Floor:
With less Grief, the Trojan Heroes found
Their mangled Banquets scatter'd o'er the Ground;
From on high rapacious Hapies flew
Their hoard Claws, and all the Feast o'erthrew.
Unharm'd, the Epicure patroll'd,
Fearless, o'er his silent Suburbs stroll'd;
Various Nights, in pleasing Plunder pass'd,
Dreamt that this was doom'd to be his last:
Now the Time, the destin'd Time was sent;
Fate ordain'd, and who can Fate prevent?

Thick Shades once more had veil'd the haunted House;

Once more from covert Bolts th' adventurous Mouse,
As usual, ranging for nocturnal Prey,
In an ill Hour he came, where Oysters lay.
The Fish, commission'd from the watry Throng,
With Tegument of scaly Armour strong,
Lay with expanded Jaws, and gaping Shell,
(What Pen the dire Catastrophe can tell!)
Thus lies the dreadful Monster of Nile's Flood,
With open Mouth extended on the Mud.
The greedy Mouse, now fond of some new Dish,
Enters the gloomy Mansion of the Fish.
With Beard exploring, and with luscious Lip,
He longs the Pickle of the Seas to sip.
Rous'd by his Tusks, th' elastic Oyster fell,
And caught the Caitiff's Head within his Cell;
In vain the Victim labours to get free
From Durance hard, and dread Captivity,
Lock'd in the close Embrace, strange Fate! he cries,
In Pillory Safe, pants, struggles, squeaks and dies.
Thus ends the dire disastrous Night's Campaign,
And thus the memorable Mouse was slain.
From hence let tow'ring Minds, the Tale who hear,
This Moral learn, To move within their Sphere.

But say, what Raptures felt th' exulting Cook!
When in the Morn she found the Smugler took,
While loud Rejoicings fill the rescu'd House,
And Neighbours crowd to view the slaughter'd Mouse.

Now hangs the Fish a Monument sublime,
Safe, where no Boys can reach, no Cats can climb,
Where Ostrich Eggs, and Birds presaging Weather,
Dry'd Herbs, dry'd Hams, and Halcyons swing to-
gether.

And when beneath the Master sits and smokes,
And cracks his Nuts, his Bottles and his Jokes,
This Tale he tells to grace the Christmas Pye,
And to the trophy'd Relicts points on high.

The following Latin Epigram, with its Translation, both by the same ingenious Hand, cannot fail, we think, of being equally acceptable to all that have a Taste for that Species of Poetry.

In Ducem Vandomiam vamo Oliva Tormenti istu supra caput excusso vulneratum.

ERIDANO pulsos sequitur Vandomius hostes
Perq; Tridentinas sustinet ire nives.
Non juga, non saltus Alpinaq; saxa ruentem,
Invia Caesaribus non cohibere queunt.
Non Fortuna habuit poterat donare quod ultra,
Lauris ornatum cingit Oliva caput.

In English.

On the Duke of Vendosme's receiving a Wound in the Head by an Olive Bough that was struck off by a Cannon Ball.

FROM Po's fam'd Banks o'er Hills of Rhatick Snow,
Victorious Vendosme drives the routed Foe:
Nor Rocks, nor Woods, the Hero can restrain,
Nor Alpine Cliffs by Caesars scal'd in vain.
Fortune, to deck his Brows, could do no more
Than Olives add where Lawrels grew before.

In order to make this Page a compleat Miscellany of Poetry, we shall add the two following Copies which we have received from Ireland.

Advice to a young Lady.

ASSES Milk, half a Pint, take at seven, or before,
Then sleep for an Hour or two, and no more;
At nine stretch your Arms, and oh think, when alone,
There's no Pleasure in Bed-Mary, bring me my Gown:

Slip on that e'er you rise, let your Caution be such,
Keep all Cold from your Breast, there's already too much:
Your Pinnars set right, your Twitcher ty'd on,
Your Prayers at an end, and your Breakfast quite done,
Retire to some Author improving and gay,
And with Sense, like your own, let your Mind for the Day.

At twelve you may walk, for at this time o'th Year,
The Sun, like your Wit, is as mild as it's clear:
But mark in the Meadows the Ruin of Time,
Take the Hint, and let Life be improv'd in its Prime:
Return not in haste, nor of Dressing take heed,
For such Beauty as your's no Assistance can need:
With an Appetite, thus down to Dinner you sit,
Where the Chief of the Feast is the Flow of your Wit;
Let this be indulg'd, and let Laughter go round,
As it pleases your Mind, to your Health 'twill redound.
After Dinner two Glasses at least I approve,
Name the first to the King, the next to your Love:
Thus cheerful with Wisdom, with Innocence gay,
And calm with your Joys, gently glide thro' the Day.
The Dews of the Evening most carefully shun,
They are Tears of the Sky for the Loss of the Sun.
Then chat, or at Play, with a Dance or a Song,
Let the Night like the Day, pass with Pleasure along;
All Cares, but of Love, banish far from your Mind,
And those you may end when you please to be kind.

Verdes to the Memory of the late Alderman FRENCH of Dublin.

OTHOU! Eblana's Tutelary Chief,
So late her Triumph, and so soon her Grief,
Accept her Tears: her Sons, by Duty led,
That hail'd thee Living, now lament thee Dead.
Such was the Joy, that thro' his native Rome,
Acclaim'd Marcellus in his martial Bloom:
Such was the Sorrow in its pious Turn,
That wail'd him, snatch'd to his untimely Urn.
Alas! 'tis all the Great, the Good can have,
A short-liv'd Honour, and a lasting Grave!

If chaste *Astrea*, since the Golden Age,
Descended ever to this mortal Stage,
To guide be-wilder'd Man with Rays divine,
And animate a Form, that Form was thine,
Which knew no partial Love, no servile Fear,
A *Cato*, not the Prator of one Year.

Thus we commit thy Reliques to the Dust,
Thy fair Example to the future Just.
While from this grov'ling Earth thy Spirit flies,
To grace the bright Republick of the Skies,
And Ireland trembles at the Wrath in Store,
When *Swift* shall die, and Freedom be no more.

Norwich, Nov. 6. Last Saturday being his Majesty's Birth-day, when he enter'd the 54th Year of his Age, the same was observed here with all possible Demonstrations of Joy: Three Troops of the Hon. Lord Mark Kerr's Regiment of Dragoons were under Arms, with their Officers at their Head, and march'd to the Bonfire in the Market-place: About Seven o'Clock the Right Worshipful Mr. Mayor, attended by Justice Vere, our worthy Representative, a great many of the Court, and several other Gentlemen, came to the Bonfire, where they drank the Healths of the King, Queen, and Royal Family, with loud Huzzas, the Dragoons firing at every Health: When they returned from the Bonfire, Mr. Mayor invited all the Gentlemen, with the Officers of the Dragoons, to the Hall, where they began again to drink Healths to the King, Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family; to Sir Robert Walpole, Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton, Lord Bishop of Norwich, Lord Lovel, Lord Hobart, Lord Mark Kerr, Sir Charles Turner, and a great many other loyal Healths, the Waits playing all the Evening, and about Ten at Night they concluded their Mirth, with a general Satisfaction. The Court were pleas'd to order the Dragoons Four Guineas to drink his Majesty's Health. Last Monday the Rev. Mr. Fowke, was collated to the Livings of Northwalsam and Antingham,



by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich, to the great Satisfaction of the Inhabitants.
On Tuesday last the Rev. Dr. Hubbard, Master of Catherine-Hall, Cambridge, was installed Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Norwich, in the room of Dr. Cross, lately deceased.

Yesterday being the 5th of November, the Anniversary of the horrid Gunpowder-Plot, contrived by the Papists to destroy the Protestant Religion, it was observed here with the usual Solemnities, viz. Ringing of Bells, Firing of Guns, a large Bonfire, Illuminations, and other publick Demonstrations of Joy, for such signal Deliverance: The Hon. Artillery Company were under Arms, march'd to several Parts of the City, and fired several Volleys in the Market-place.

Last Tuesday Night Watton Church in the County of Norfolk was broke open and robbed, and an Attempt was also made to break up a Dwelling-House in that Town: They took out of the Church Two Surplices, a Burial-Cloth, a Silk Hood, and cut the Fringe off the Pulpit-Cloth; and the same Night Two Horses were stolen out of the Pastures near the said Town.

We hear for certain that Mr. Legood, who broke out of the Castle, is taken at London; that Persons are sent up to fetch him down, and that he was expected as last Night at his old Quarters in the Castle.

L O N D O N.

The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have presented the Rev. Mr. John Wells to the Vicarage of Deopham in Norfolk, void by the Death of Mr. William Cory.

We hear from Richmond in Yorkshire, that on Saturday the 30th of October, being his Majesty's Birth-day, that Corporation gave an Invitation to Sir Conyers Darcy, one of the Representatives of that Borough, and to all the Gentlemen of Distinction within Ten Miles of that Place to the Town Hall, where the Healths of his Majesty, the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family, were loyally Drank; also that of Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Younge, Sir Conyers Darcy, &c. And in the Evening Sir Conyers made a grand Entertainment for the Corporation, who at Eight proceeded to the publick Cross, where the foregoing Healths were repeated. There were a great Number of Bonfires, all the Houses were illuminated, and the whole was concluded with a grand Ball, and a most elegant Entertainment given to the Ladies.

Last Night their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, to see the Tragedy of the Mourning Bride.

Yesterday they began to recall 60 of his Majesty's Ships of War at the Pay Office in Broad-street.

The same Day her Majesty, the Duke and Princesses, went to Kew to Dinner, and in the Evening returned to Kensington.

Yesterday Morning George Harwood, of Worcester, Esq; was married to Miss Jones, only Daughter and Coheir of John Jones, of Rickmanworth in the County of Bucks, Esq;

Last Wednesday Night between 6 and 7 o'Clock, Mr. Rose, of Charlton in Kent, was attack'd on Black-heath by two Highwaymen, who robbed him of a Bank Note of 20 l. a Silver Watch, and 26 s. in Silver, after which they tied his Legs under the Horse's Belly, took off his Bridle, and then made off.

Yesterday Bank Stock was 148. India 178. South Sea 99 7/8ths. Old Annuity 110 3/4ths. New ditto, 110 1/4th. Three per Cent. 104 3/4ths to 105. Emperor's Loan 116 3/4ths. Royal Assurance 110 to 1 half. London Assurance 14 1/2 half. York Buildings 2. African 16. India Bonds 51. 19 s. to 61. Premium. Three per Cent. ditto, 51. 19 s. Prem. South Sea Bonds 51. 10 s. Premium. New Bank Circulation 11. Prem. Salt Tallies 3 to 5 Premium. English Copper 21. 8 s. Welch ditto, no Price. Three 1/2 half per Cent. Exchequer Orders 6 3/8ths per Cent. Premium. Three per Cent. ditto, 1 1/2 half per Cent. Prem. Million Bank 116.

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[Price Six-Pence]

THE SPEECH of Mr. GEORGE KELLY; spoke at the Bar of the House of Lords, on Thursday the 10th of May, 1723. in his Defence against the Bill then depending, For inflicting Pains and Penalties upon him

Quamobrem a vobis, Judices, ante quam de ipsa causa dicere incipio, hoc polleo. Primum id quod æquissimum est, ut ne quid hinc præjudicari offeratur. Etenim non modo iniquitatem, sed etiam nomen judicium amittimus, nisi hic ex ipsi causis judicabimus, ac si ad causas, judicium jam facta domo, deferemus.
Cic. pro Cluentio.

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WHEREAS Alexander Clerc, a Frenchman, went away with a Sum of Money on Saturday the 30th of October in the Afternoon, which he received at the Bank, and has not since been heard of, he is about 30 Years of Age, strong set, fair Complexion, had on when he went away a Drab-colour Cloth Coat, black Waistcoat, Leather Breeches, a brown bob Wig, and speaks pretty good English. Whoever secures him, and gives Notice to Mr. Noah Bliss, at Mr. Smith's, Packer, in Litchbury, shall have Fifty Pounds Reward, paid by the said Mr. Noah Bliss.

NOAH BLISSON.

London, October 29, 1736.

WHEREAS Alexander Clerc, a Frenchman, went away this Afternoon about One o'Clock, with a Sum of Money which he received at the Bank, and has not since been heard of; this is to give Notice, that I Joseph Clerc, desires him to return, and gives him all Assurance, that if he doth, and applieth himself to me, every thing shall be made easy to him.

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